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ABSTRACT

This paper discusses the positive impact of American Indian cultures on three twentieth-century non-Indian authors (Willa Cather, Frank Waters, and Margaret Craven), as portrayed through their Indianized protagonists. First, the influence of American Indian culture on the protagonists of two novels by Willa Cather, "The Professor's House" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop," is examined. Then a discussion of the physical and psychic transformation of the white European psyche as portrayed in Frank Waters' "The Man Who Killed the Deer" follows. Finally, the paper relates the short story "I Heard the Owl Call My Name" by Margaret Craven to Craven's experiences with the Kwakiutl tribe of the British Columbian coast, showing the positive impact of native cultures on the non-Indian mind. (Thirteen endnotes are attached.) (SR)

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THE IMPACT OF NATIVE AMERICAN CULTURES ON THE WRITINGS OF WILLA CATHER, FRANK WATERS, AND MARGARET CRAVEN

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by

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That Native American cultures have had a profound impact on American culture in general and literature in particular is all too obvious. Earlier studies such as Albert Keiser's The Indian in American Literature or Leslie Fiedler's The Return of the Vanishing American give credence to Swiss psychologist Carl Jung's insightful contention that at the very core of the American psyche is the Indian. One need only recollect that a significant percentage of our place names alone are of Native American origin: Chicago, Omaha, Miami, Kansas, Iowa, Wyoming, Massachusetts, Michigan, and so on. Each name has a specific denotation; Chicago, for instance, comes from the Huron word "Chekakou," meaning a place where reembarkment is to be made, or "Wyoming" comes from an Arapaho term meaning where the mountains end and the prairie begins. Since places form part of our national identity, a certain Indianness becomes inherent. When we think of words for dwellings such as wigwam, tipi, and wikiup, who is not, as Henry David Thoreau contends, reminded of a life close to the earth? Or when we paddle the Allegash River how can we not, as John McPhee illustrates in The Survival of the Bark Canoe, be reminded of the Abenaki Native.

But Carl Jung's statement goes deeper than place names, food, dwellings, dress, etc. The American Indian is at the core of the American psyche because of three hundred years of governmental

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policy, a policy which, as Francis Jennings so thoroughly examines (1), resulted in the destruction of a system of agriculture, a way of life because, quite simply, the invaders of North America assumed ipso facto that their way of life was infinitely superior to that of Native Americans. Such an assumption eventually led to the spread of European civilization from the shorelines of Massachusetts to Sand Creek, Colorado, Wounded Knee, South Dakota, and the lava beds of California. This displacement and genocide would, of course, be very much at the core of the American psyche, sometimes placated by James Fenimore Cooper's depiction of the ignoble savage Maqua in his Leatherstocking Tales or by Hollywood's celluoid depiction of brutal Commanches and Apaches.

The Euro-American psyche has reflected, in general, culture shock, and such shock consists of the pleasant and unpleasant. But as Keiser and Fielder have shown, a reappraisal of American attitudes toward Native American cultures began in earnest with Washington Irving's "Traits of Indian Character" (1820) in which he questions savagistic assumptions held by the majority of his countrymen. Even James Fenimore Cooper takes a friendly look at the noble savage through his character Uncas in The Last of the Mohicans (1826) despite the ominous presence of Maqua. Other Leatherstocking Tales such as The Prairie (1827) continue with the same kind of ambivalence only in different settings: the evil Teton Sioux and the noble Pawnee.

In 1855 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow reworked Henry Roe Schoolcraft's History Respecting the Traditions ... to romanticize

the legend of Hiawatha. During the same period of Longfellow's writing, Henry David Thoreau spent years of his life studying the Indian for, as he wrote, why should not we, who have barely inhabited these shores, turn our attention to those who have preceded us by thousands of years. His posthumously published The Maine Woods (1864) reflects the dynamics of his Indian education through individuals like Joe Aitteon and Joe Polis, his Penobscot guides and teachers. His earlier Cooperesque notions gave way to a more realistic understanding of the tribal communalism of Eastern Woodland cultures.

Even more positive appreciative attitudes and questionings of false assumptions can be seen in the writings of John Muir, friend of the Tlingits and Eskimos in such works as Travels in Alaska and The Cruise of the Corwin in which he sharply reprimands unwise, unarctic governmental policy. Helen Hunt Jackson's Century of Dishonor (1881) epitomizes a realistic appraisal of Euro-American bigotted attitudes which led to an entire century of dishonorable dealings with Native American cultures coast to coast.

The subject of this paper's investigation has been little explored by critics and biographers: the positive impact of Native American cultures on the minds and imaginations of three twentieth-century writers--Willa Cather, Frank Waters, and Margaret Craven.

Willa Cather (1876--1947) fell under the spell of Indians during her visits to New Mexico in the late teens and early 1920's reflected in no less than two of her novels, The Professor's House (1925) and Death Comes for the Archibishop (1927) and alluded to

in A Song of the Lark (1915) and in several short stories including "Enchanted Bluff." Thea Kronberg, protagonist of A Song of the Lark and daughter of a Swedish minister residing in Colorado, gains her strength as a singer while practicing in the midst of the ancient cliff dwellings in the canyonlands of Arizona. The very real presence of Anasazi spirits in these mysterious canyons certainly helps account for the vibrancy and vitality of her operatic voice. Although the story "Enchanted Bluff" (1909) is set in Nebraska, the young boys discuss pre-Columbian American history including the culture of the mound builders of the Plains and the cliff dwellings of New Mexico.

But let us turn our attention to the two important novels, The Professor's House and Death Comes for the Archbishop. A young student by the name of Tom Outland, who befriends Professor St. Peter, like Thea Kronberg, had matured into adulthood during his six-month stay on the Blue Mesa (Mesa Verde) of New Mexico. The land itself had a certain mystery. As he says, "The mesa was our only neighbor, and the closer we got to it, the more tantalizing it was." (2) Both the natural phenomena and the spirits of the ancient Anasazi are the source of its tantalizing powers. Tom explains, "I've never heard thunder so loud as it was there. The cliffs threw it back at us, and we thought the mesa itself, though it seemed so solid, must be full of deep canyons and caverns, to account for the prolonged growl and rumble that followed every crash of thunder. After the burst in the sky was over, the mesa

went on sounding like a drum, and seemed itself to be muttering and making noises" (p. 193).

Tom Outland, then, was energized by the same primal forces which had affected the daily lives of the earlier Anasazi cliff dwellers. Nature is a very important common denominator for the Indians and later Tom. Once Tom makes his first discovery (like Richard Wetherill at Mesa Verde and even Willa Cather as a tourist), he is astounded by the harmony and splendor of the ancient Indians' abode:

> "I happered to glance up at the canyon wall. I could tell you what I saw there, just as I saw it, on that first morning, through a veil of lightly falling snow. Far up above me, a thousand feet or so, set in a great tavern in the face of the cliff, I saw a little city of stone, asleep. It was still as sculpture--and something like that. It all hung together, seemed to have a kind of composition: pale little houses of stone nestling close to one another, perched on top of each other, with flat roofs, narrow windows, straight walls, and in the middle of the group, a round tower" (p. 201).

Tom was impressed by the forcefulness of the proportions and symmetry of their architecture. It was built of the very substance of the mesa itself and therefore blended into the cliff, into Nature. And then something struck home: "The notion struck me like a rifle ball that this mesa had once been like a bee-hive; it was full of little cliff-hung villages, it had been the home of a

powerful tribe, a particular civilization" (p. 202). Again Tom is energized by the Nature, their Nature, of the Mesa: "I've never tasted water like it; as cold as ice, and so pure." He marvelled over their pottery, particularly the water jars. Such beautiful jars were indeed fitting for such fine water. Everything they made was crafted with patience and care.

But when Tom discovers a mummy, whom he calls Mother Eve, his identification with these people is complete. Because he is an orphan it is quite natural for him to be spiritually adopted across the centuries as a kind of great-grandson of these people, his people. He began to sense that their life style had a certain mystique, a certain philosophy so readily reflected in their sense of design, comfort, and their humanization of the mesa. He senses that his great-grandparents must have been a religious people with much ritual, ceremony, and above all a respect for their dead. The Blue Mesa, the feeling of being on the mesa, the feel of the narrow moccasin-worn trail, the energy of the sun, moon, and stars Indianized Tom Outland, a veritable white Indian.

Father Jean Marie Latour of Death Comes for the Archbishop is an open man, a man willing to learn as well as to teach. It does not take him long, once he is established as the Bishop of Santa Fe, to become acquainted with Indian people of both the Pueblo and Navajo tribes. But, like Tom Outland, he must first come under the sway of the land itself. Like Willa Cather herself, he was totally enchanted with the uniformity of the land: "Every conical hill was spotted with smaller cones of juniper, a uniform yellowish green,

as the hills were a uniform red," and he reacts to this Georgia O'Keefean landscape by exclaiming, "mais, c'est fantastique!" (3) Likewise, he immediately felt at home in the adobe abodes which possessed "a kind of peace." His own dwelling in Santa Fe was to be Indian style: "The ceiling was made of heavy cedar beams, overlaid by aspen saplings, all of one size, lying close together like the ribs in corduroy and clad in their ruddy inner skins. The earth floor was covered with thick Indian blankets; two blankets, very old, and beautiful in design and colour, were hung on the walls like tapestries" (p. 34). One can readily imagine Willa Cather herself writing these words by a crackling pinon fire at the La Fonda Hotel in Santa Fe.

The Bishop later employed Jacinto, a young Indian from Pecos Pueblo, as his guide to the missions of the New Mexican desert. Cather focuses upon one particular journey west to Acoma Pueblo. Jacinto and Latour camped out in the desert of petrified sand dunes and dark juniper. Latour, when talking with Jacinto, noted that he dropped the articles in both Spanish and English but not out of ignorance so much as preference or taste" (p. 91). The Bishop, interestingly enough, reflected that it would be foolish to attempt to transfer his European values on Jacinto. He rather wanted to absorb Jacinto's experience and views but not in a forced way, not directly translated into Spanish or English but by silence and observation. When he, at last, celebrated mass at Acoma, "He felt as if he were celebrating Mass at the bottom of the sea, for antediluvian creatures; for types of life so old, so hardened, so

shut within their shells, that the sacrifice on Calvary could hardly reach back so far" (p. 100). He realized that if European values are superimposed to a dangerous degree, as in the case of Frey Baltazar, the results can be disastrous. One must be gentle and unassuming; one must learn and be open.

At Pecos, Jacinto's home, the Bishop learns quickly, as did Robert F. Kennedy during his short-lived campaign for the Presidency, that there are some real deep problems among the Pueblo people: a high infant mortality rate, a heavy death toll from diseases like smallpox, measles, typhus, cholera, and tuberculosis. He knew his primary responsibility was to minister to the suffering, a suffering aggravated by the coming of white man.

Latour had another friend, Eusabio, a Navajo, who helped the Bishop continue his Indian education. Father Latour noticed that both Jacinto and Eusabio, though of different tribes, had in common a profound respect for the land. As John H. Randall contends in his study on Cather, "By balancing one against the other, the Bishop suggests that the Indian tradition is at least as worthy of respect as the European. Sometimes indeed he treats it as if it were more so." (4) They were unlike Europeans who worked to "master" nature, to arrange and re-create. They spent their ingenuity in the other direction; in accommodating themselves to the scene in which they found themselves. This was not so much from indolence, the Bishop thought, as from an inherited caution and respect. It was as if the great country were asleep, and they wished to carry on their lives without awakening it; or as if the

spirits of earth and air and water were things not to antagonize and arouse. When they hunted, it was with the same discretion; an Indian hunt was never a slaughter. They ravaged neither the rivers nor the forest, and if they irrigated, they took as little water as would serve their needs. The land and all that it bore they treated with consideration; not attempting to improve it, they never desecrated it" (p. 234).

I wish to underscore the importance of the statement that Indian attitudes toward the land were cautious and respectful not indolent as the majority of Americans believed during the mid-nineteenth century as well as, perhaps, into the early twentieth century when Cather was writing this novel. Of course, as John Randall points out, "Willa Cather does not have the Bishop approve of all branches of Indian traditions" (i.e., human sacrifices, serpent fixation, etc.). (5)

Frank Waters (1901--), contemporary novelist and essayist, strongly believes that the transformation of the European psyche, which we have seen through the characters of Tom Outland and Jean Marie Latour, is an inevitable process here in North America. He writes, "In our few generations here we Americans are being changed. We are no longer wholly white Europeans. We are already taking on certain qualities of the land itself." (6) Perhaps of all characters in Waters' fiction who most embody this physical and psychic transformation, it is Rodolpho Byers of The Man Who Killed the Deer (1941). He serves as a counterpoint to the main character Martiniano who, as a young Pueblo lad, is sent off to a government

boarding school to learn a white man's trade. As a result, when he returns to Taos, he becomes somewhat rebellious against the old guard and the ancient traditions. He wishes to live a white man's life: hunt deer without superstitious ceremonials, marry outside the reservation, with "normal" clothes, and farm the land in his own manner. Because he does kill a deer without the proper corn pollen ceremony and out of seascn on a federal reserve, he is brought to trial. This trial serves as a kind of gestalt for the entire village as it brings to focus the issue of land rights and ancient land claims. As Waters states, "The problem, the background theme of the book, is the fight of the Taos Indians for their sacred area in the mountains around Blue Lake. The issue came up in the thirties before Congress which granted the Indians a fifty-year tenure on the area, the dirtied up lake and so on. Now the Indians are pressing for a clear title to the area, beginning the whole controversy again." (7) Martiniano receives a fine (later paid by Byers) from the feds and a sentence of a lashing (for killing without proper ceremony) from the Indians which will ultimately allow for his reentry into the old Indian way. As Thomas J. Lyon contends in his study of Frank Waters, "Since wholeness is so important a concept to Waters, he not surprisingly dwells on its abstract symbology, the theory of the mandela, or reconciling symbol ... (which) has important meaning in ... The Man Who Killed the Deer." (8)

Rodolpho Byers is a white trader near the Taos Pueblo. Though of European origin, he dressed entirely in North American fashion

and he wore a loose-fitting over coat in Indian style like a blanket. His library consisted of volumes of ethnology, anthropology and Indian culture and history, but, Waters writes, "he was contemptuous of them all. He merely liked to observe in them the mistakes of others to confirm his own wider knowledge." (9) Waters continues, "Yet of all these nothing mattered. It was the substance of life he loved, not form. And something of its elusive mystery forever held him enchanted" (p. 29).

Byers resented the "sickly sentimentalism of lady tourists, the pampering enthusiasm of museum collectors, the false idealism of escapists and the mock gravity of anthropologists, ethnologists and myth mongers toward them--all the whining, shouting voices that proclaimed the Indian as nature's pet, a darling of the gods, and the only true American" (p. 31). His views, as opposed to those mentioned above, are more in line with, I believe, Frank Waters' own: "They couldn't be thought about intelligently. They had to be either dismissed or taken on their own ground. And their premises of life were based not on the rational, the reasoning, evaluating approach, but wholly on the instinctive and intuitive. Things came or they didn't; they didn't proceed logically from point to point. So you had to take them or leave them as they were in fact, not theory" (p. 32).

Byers encounter with a rattlesnake drives home the difference between white man's rational approach and the Indian's intuitive. He was struck by a rattlesnake and had become terribly ill--"his mind a maelstrom of fear and pain" (p. 111). An old Indian

medicine man took over: "As if obeying a clear but unspoken command, Byers staggered to his feet. His companion swiftly and gently stripped off his clothes, led him into the immersing sunlight, and propped him up like a puppet against the wall. From somewhere under his blanket he brought out a small tuft of eagle feathers with which he began to stroke Byers' body while singing softly" (p. 111). Essentially this medicine man stroked the fear out of Byers allowing for his own inner strengths to combat the venom. Such an intuitive, psychological approach to medicine, incidentally, has been the subject of a recent grant enabling Yale University psychologists to study with Navajo medicine men. Byers, as much as the main protagonist Martiniano, evolves with a more complete understanding of Nature. Byers realized that Nature is not, as the white man believes, something to be controlled and mastered because, "what did he (white man) really know of the enduring earth he scratched, the timeless seas he spanned, the unmindful stars winking at his puny efforts?" (p. 198).

No, it was the Indians' view of Nature to whom he turned: "The whole world was animate--night and day, wind, clouds, trees, the young corn, all was alive and sentient. All matter had its inseparable spiritual essence. Of this universe man was an integral part. The beings about him were neither friendly nor hostile, but harmonious parts of the whole" (p. 198). Rodolpho Byers, then, as a white man, had absorbed the North American ethos by studying the Indian. He was clairvoyant enough to see that Indian views, as opposed to transient white views, held sway. Why

were white man's views transient? Because they dealt simply with the Earth planet as a material shell, a layered shell to be sure, but a shell out of which comes our concept of the cosmos shaped by three dimensions and graspable by fingers or a dragline. Only recent astrophysical theories which attempt to deal with a universe of possibly twelve dimensions, not three (time, depth, and width) which may be compressed into one another beyond our simple recognition. Waters' novel based on Edith Warner (The Woman at Otowi Crossing) deals in part with this topic, the interaction of Pueblo mysticism and the metaphysics of the Los Alamos physicists, but permit me to return to Rodolpho Byers.

Byers, like Frank Waters, believes quite simply that as our body is formed of a living fabric so too is our Earth Mother. For both Byers and the author Waters it makes sense to know and to learn from the Indian because he is the mystical link between human spirit and Earth spirit. Waters writes, "Well, I have often wondered, and everybody asks, 'Why do you write so much about Indians?' I can answer only that I have lived with Indians all my life and they interest me. And I probably justify it rationally by saying that, after all, we are all interested in our relationship to our own land, to our own earth, and the Indians are indigenous to this continent. The Indian is much different from our European white, so I think that we have a great deal to learn from their expression of it in their own idiom." (10) Their expression in their idiom is alluring in that it is a direct

translation of natural phenomena into the human experience--the making stuff of myths and legends.

He writes in The Colorado that "Sacred Navajo Chants of the Creation relate that at the time of man's Emergence, and long before the newly created world was lit by sun and moon and stars, these mountains shone with a strange luminous glow." (11) This shining efflugence of the mountains is indicative of their own inner being, inner life. Not only is there light but also a pulse, and diastolic beat which is further psychic evidence for a kind of aliveness. Waters states that "Indians believe in this subtle aliveness. Once, lying face down to recover breath after a steep climb, I felt the mountain stirring beneath me. Before I might have blurted out a foolish remark, one of the Indians beside me caught my eye. 'She alive, all right, this mountain. She breathe too'" (p. 35). Live mountains stirring within, of course, is clearly related in many Native American myths about mountains: Sleeping Ute Mountain in Arizona, for instance, is the man to send rain clouds when needed. Harney Peak, South Dakota is considered to be the spiritual heart of the universe. The spiritual significance of mountains around the planet has been studied and documented by Walter Yeeling Evans-Wentz in his classical work Cuchama and Sacred Mountains (1981) for which Frank Waters has written an introduction.

Let us turn to a third writer under consideration. Margaret Craven (1901-1980), author of the short novel I Heard the Owl Call My Name (1974). Her work is based upon her own visit to the

British Columbia upcoast and her knowledge of a young Anglican vicar, Eric Powell who had a serious but not deadly medical condition: she writes in her memoir Again Calls the Owl (1980): "Eric Powell was in his mid-thirties. Working his way through college, he had broken his back in a logging accident. His condition was inoperable and there was danger that eventually his spine would fuse and confine him to a wheelchair. He seldom mentioned it. He was like my infantry, full of laughter and of joy. He swallowed pain pills. When the vibrations of the boat became too painful, the doctor kept him in Powell River. Then he would fly up to the settlements in a tiny seaplane once a month to give communion, to marry, to confirm, to bury. He was grateful for the health he had. He loved and understood the Indians." (12)

Margaret Craven had loved and understood the Kwakiutl Indians as well. Through Ron Dean, Miss Craven got to know the land and its legends. She learned of the mountain Whoop-Szo which would figure prominently in her novel. She learned of the hamatsa, a cannibal dance, of the Kwakwala language and that there was no word for "thank you." She grew to appreciate this sad but peaceful people who never spanked or slapped their children. Over a period of a year she composed I Heard the Owl Call My Name and based it upon her own impressions of the Indians and their country and of Vicar Powell's experiences.

Both the narrator of the novel (reflecting Craven's views) and the protagonist Mark Brian (reflecting Eric Powell's views) portray the positive impact of native cultures on the non-Indian mind.

Mark Brian is led upcoast by Jim Wallace (as Margaret Craven had been by Ron Dean), and the young vicar is immediately aware of Wallace's inner nature: "There was pride in his eyes without arrogance. Behind the pride was a sadness so deep it seemed to stretch back into ancient mysteries Mark could not even imagine, and he felt that small thrill of fear, of anticipation, which a man knows if he's lucky enough to meet and recognize his challenge." (13) It is through sadness that Mark comes to understand these Kwakiutl people as early on he must preside over the burial of a young drowning victim. But it is through Nature that he comes to know the Indian the best:

> "The Indian knows his village and feels for his village as no white man for his country, his town, or even for his own bit of land. His village is not the strip of land four miles long and three miles wide that is his as long as the sun rises and the moon sets. The myths are the village and the winds and the rains. The river is the village, and the black and white killer whales that herd the fish to the end of the inlet the better to gobble them. The village is the salmon who comes up the river to spawn, the seal who follows the salmon and bites off his head, the bluejay whose name is like the sound he makes--'Kwiss-Kwiss.' The village is the talking bird, the owl, who calls the name of the man who is going to die, and the silver-tipped grizzly who ambles into the village, and the little white speck that is the mountain goat on Whoop Szo" (p. 19).

Mark, who lives under the shadow of Whoop-Szo quickly learns of its significance to the Kwakiutl village of Kingcome, British Columbia: it is a protector who sends down his noisy slides to crush the enemy. The vicar comes to love the gentle rainfall on the cedar shingles of his roof. He comes to love and respect the people who are shaped by the misty, mystical Nature of this place. The cedar tree is to the Kwakiutl as the buffalo is to the Plains Indians. It provides shelter and clothing (made of the inner bark) and hence the Cedarman is a key mythological figure who holds up the eagle, wolf, and raven, three important clans of the tribe. He learns much (in contrast to the white school teacher) from their traditions and mythology rooted in the local setting. A tribal elder relates to him the story of oolachon (candlefish):

> "And Khawadelugha, the older brother, built his house here at Kingcome and carved its house posts with human figures, and one day when he walked to the river's edge he saw many small fish in the river and he was afraid. But the man who came from the moon said to him, 'Fear not. This fish will come year after year, and it will be the great wealth of your tribe,' and the fish was the oolachon, and the older brother called his tribe Tsawataineuk, which means the people of the oolachon country" (p. 77).

Mark Brian, fortunately, is no proselytizer. Fulfilling his Christian duties does not mean simple Bible lessons and Sunday services; it is far deeper than that. To be a Christian to these people is to help them in their needs: to lend a hand when the old

tree graves need repair, to be compassionate with people who have lost their loved ones, to remain silent when words seem hollow and superficial. But it is the Indian people themselves who may be of far greater importance to Mark than he is to them in that they initiate him to a way of life. They show him what true generosity is through their give-aways where material wealth is spurned in favor of giving it way as in the busk ritual to which Thoreau refers in the "Economy" chapter of Walden.

This young vicar grows in character with the aid of these people. In part his growth is attributable to their sense of humor. Mark accompanied some men on a bear hunt up in the mountain forests. When they viewed the body of a bear they had killed, one of them said to Mark: "This bear did not die of a bullet ... he died of shock. It's the first time he's even seen a vicar so far up on the mountain" (p. 50). By living among the Indians and learning their language, their mythology, and by living in the midst of Nature in the forests of British Columbia, Mark Brian is slowly Kwakiutlized:

> "In November the rain fell in a slow and patient drizzle. Already the rain had become an element of life like the air Mark breathed, and when it stopped, he missed it somehow, and found himself listening for the drip, drip, drip that seemed now a necessary and comforting component of his life" (p. 52).

The most immediate reason for Mark's Kwakiutlization is his involvement and concern over social issues brought about by the modern world. In the section "The depth of sadness," Mark, as

pastor, is confronted with several severe problems which he must somehow help the Indians solve. First of all is the generation gap. Young Indians who leave the village for secondary or vocational schooling return discontent and, in fact, disparaging of old mores, customs, and even language. The elders resent this intrusion of white man's world into their village through their very own grandchildren. I suppose one of Mark's suggestions to Gordon, an Indian student studying in Vancouver, is to fish or cut bait. Ultimately Gordon will choose white man's world. Mark's advice to the elders is, of course, to hold on to their ways just as long as they can.

Another problem the village faces is the introduction of drugs and alcohol (in 1969 the Canadian government opened liquor sales to Indians). It is quite natural for the elders to resent Mark's presence in that his whiteness symbolizes the problems of the modern world. All that the vicar can do is to remain silent, when necessary, and to comfort those who lose their children to drugs or to young white men who want Indian girls simple to acquire valuable art objects. But for Mark Nature served as a constant restorative factor. Whoop-Szo always towered above the valleys; the cedar forests always gave off a scent after a fresh rain; the salmon always returned to the river to spawn. Though death and tragedy may have stung the villagers and Mark, Nature restored them with new growth, new life, new energy.

During his months and years in Kingcome, Mark Brian grew to love his people and they him. Upon his return visit to Vancouver,

he no longer felt at home; he didn't speak their language, and their problems had no relevance for him. No, he missed his people and his village of Kingcome:

> "Here every bird and fish knew its course. Every tree had its own place upon this earth. Only man had lost his way (in the modern world). Then, when the geese had passed, and the bear and the hibernating animals had hidden themselves for their long sleep, the white trunks of the alders stood stripped and stark across the river, and man began to emerge, to prove again his capacity for endurance and faithfulness. It was in loneliness the Indians had lived through all the centuries, and it was in loneliness Mark cam to know them best" (p. 120).

It was poetically fitting that vicar Mark Brian, who was slowly dying of some disease, should be killed by Whoop-Szo which sent a landslide into the channel guarding Kingcome harbor. Whoop-Szo had killed an invading enemy, Mark's killer disease.

Three non-Indian authors, Willa Cather, Frank Waters, and Margaret Craven, all portray the richly positive impact of Native American cultures on them through their Indianized protagonists: Tom Outland, Jean Marie Latour, Rodolpho Byers, and Mark Brian. And surely these particular fictional characters are inherently North American.

Endnotes:

1. Francis Jennings, The Invasion of America: Indians, Colonialism, and the Cant of Conquest (New York: W.W. Norton, 1976).
2. Willa Cather, The Professor's House (New York: Vintage Books, 1973), p. 191. All further citations are from this edition with page reference.
3. Willa Cather, Death Comes for the Archibishop (New York: Vintage Books, 1971), p. 18. All further citations are from this edition with page reference.
4. John H. Randall, The Landscape and the Looking Glass (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1960, p. 264.
5. Randall, pp. 265-266.
6. Frank Waters, Conversations with Frank Waters, John R. Milton, ed. (Chicago: The Swallow Press, 1971), p. 10.
7. Conversations with Frank Waters, p. 34.
8. Thomas J. Lyon, Frank Waters (New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1973), p. 44.
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10. Conversations with Frank Waters, p. 53.
11. Frank Waters, The Colorado (New York: Rinehart & Co., 1946), p. 35. Further citations are from this edition with page reference.

12. Margaret Craven, Again Calls the Owl (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1980), p. 81.

13. Margaret Craven, I Heard the Owl Call My Name (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1974), p. 13. All further citations are from this edition with page reference.